The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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CAN DEMOCRACY SURVIVE?

THIS is undoubtedly the question uppermost today in the minds of all thinking men. Only a short while ago, when we were supposed to be on the threshold of an era of unprecedented prosperity, there was very little serious apprehension as to the future of our democratic institutions. Industrial production, as the chairman of the board of General Motors recently pointed out, had not yet reached the records of previous upswings. There existed a tremendous latent demand on the part of the masses for goods and services. The component parts for the production of these needed goods and services were available in ample quantities within our own borders—raw materials of all kinds, skilled and unskilled labor, highly efficient manufacturing plants.

A certain amount of lip service, of course, was paid to the principles of social justice; but practically all classes manifested the same desire for quick profit, the same desire to plunder the government for the purpose of advancing their own selfish interests. And then, almost over night, security values slumped. Steel production declined. Freight-car loadings decreased. Industrial production in many other lines slowed down considerably. Payrolls were curtailed. Unemployment figures soared.

According to recent reports from Washington, many governmental officials privately admit that the present situation calls for careful deliberation and dispassionate effort. There is a growing realization that the fate which has overtaken some European countries may overtake the United States if the present order of things persists. However deeply traditional American democratic ideals may be rooted, it is now feared that they may not be able to withstand the accumulating dissatisfaction and discontent. It is not a matter of solving the agricultural problem or the labor problem. It is a matter of making the mechanism

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of democratic government work effectively in solving or preventing all of these problems. If current problems cannot be solved within the existing constitutional fabric, an impatient people may look to some other way as they have done in other countries.

There appears to be general agreement that our fields are as fertile as any in the world and that modern industry and science are technically able to meet the material needs of every class. Should the United States plunge into another depression, should another economic paralysis spread rapidly across the country, should property values again evaporate, should millions of men and women be thrown out of work, should relief agencies be unable to stand up under the heavy burdens that would be placed on them, should the budget become more and more unbalanced, the demand for a dictator to take control of things and feed the starving masses in this land of plenty would undoubtedly result in Fascist regimentation or the sort of spurious democracy now in vogue in Soviet Russia.

It would seem obvious, therefore, according to a recent statement of the National Policy Committee, that the maintenance of American institutions depends upon developing an economic system which will provide an adequate measure of economic security and justice, which will give to the public some effective control over their economic as well as their political liberty and which will find methods of controlling economic activity such as, on the one hand, insure liberty of occupation and consumption and, on the other, effectively stimulate the production of wealth. Democratic institutions should create a degree of equality of opportunity and generate a continuous belief in the possibility of a better society.

The committee was unanimous that, in order to maintain American political institutions and objectives, every effort should be made to work out controls or regulatory devices which would diminish the fluctuations of the business cycle under private enterprise. It was recognized, however, that the total elimination of these fluctuations is probably impossible. Consequently, the task of government should be, first, to mitigate severe fluctuations and, second, to alleviate through relief measures extended both to capital and labor the hardship caused by depressions which cannot be eliminated.

"Whether confidence will be destroyed by the imposition of controls," the committee declared, "will depend, first, upon the general education and intelligence of the investing public, and, second, upon the character of the administration in power. If the investing public is still thinking in terms of 'new era' economics and does not realize the necessity of controls to solve the business cycle problem, it will be thoroughly alarmed at government intervention. One of the most important tasks confronting our society, therefore, is to educate the public in the underlying principles of control. An equally important task is for the government to follow a consistent policy dominated by a truly national interest and to convince the business community that its purpose is to assist in the renovation of capitalism and not in its destruction in favor either of a socialized or Fascist economy. When a government fails to meet these conditions, no amount of control is likely to terminate a depression."

We are of the opinion that the utmost cooperation between government, industry, labor and the consumer, in order to bring about a better balance of power, is absolutely essential in the present crisis—if democracy is to survive. No one group should be favored to the detriment of other groups. We do not want unrestrained competition. We do not want monopolies. We do not want vindictive governmental regimentation.

The traditional and ideal Christian society is not an individualistic but an organic society in which the individual through the instrumentailty of his vocation group, "works for himself, his group, and the entire social body."

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

LAST summer we expressed the opinion that Congress, after six months of incessant bickering, should not attempt to act on important legislation in a hasty and ill-advised manner. We were confident that, during the interval between adjournment and the beginning of the special session, members of important committees would devote the maximum amount of study and research to those measures which form an integral part of the administration's program. At the close of the third week of the special session, however, it is apparent that the Senate and House Agricultural Committees and the House Labor Committee have not altogether measured up to their serious responsibilities. We do not pretend to know why President Roosevelt decided to take a vacation at this time; but it is rumored that Congress will be left to its own devices, to offset charges of dictation, until such time as it may be expedient to assert positive leadership. We do not want to see the legislative branch of our government suffer any further loss of prestige and we express the hope that out of the current controversy over the farm bill and the wages and hours bill will emerge legislation that will help to destroy the rapidly growing scepticism as to the ability of our representatives to achieve reforms in democratic fashion and within a reasonable time.

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WE REFUSE to be disheartened by what we can only regard as the temporary breakdown of peace negotiations between Mr. Green and Mr. Lewis. Both great labor groups are fighting for identical objectives—better hours, higher wages, decent working conditions, the abolition of child labor, the principle of equal pay for equal work for men and women, the right to organize freely and the right to bargain collectively. United they could advance steadily in the difficult but highly important task of organizing some 30,000,000 workers. United the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. could play a major rôle in cooperating with industry and government in the solution of those problems which the present business recession has sharply intensified. Civil war in labor's ranks can only result in defeat for both groups. Common sense would seem to dictate that existing issues be settled in the near future on an equitable compromise basis.

WE EXPRESS general agreement with the widely publicized editorial in the New York *Times* which condemned our present neutrality policy and urged in its place a policy of cooperation with democratic nations. The loss of our leadership in world affairs was attributed to the fact that treaty-breaking governments and dictators have become convinced that for no cause short of actual invasion will the United States initiate or join any effective movement to assure world peace. The editorial advocated a change of policy by pointing out that "our statesmen and leaders of public thought could aid peace mightily if, losing fear of the blind peace groups and gaining confidence that plain common sense and self-interest can be trusted, they engaged in public exchanges to put the enemies of peace on notice that the great democracies are aware of what is planned and will stand together against it." We believe that the United States should fulfil its share of the international obligation to achieve, preserve and maintain an honorable and just peace. According to a recent survey by the Neutrality Committee of the National Economic and Planning Association, Europe consumed nearly 47 percent of all American exports of the period from 1926 to 1930. The economic incidence of the general war that may break out in Europe would have a profoundly disturbing effect upon our whole national life. A policy of strict neutrality, in our opinion, will accomplish very little in the way of bringing about world political appeasement and economic reconstruction. Unless some positive cooperative effort is made to achieve these necessary objectives, the drift toward war will continue. We must not delude ourselves into believing that America will be able to avoid the terrible consequences of that debacle.

Neutrality

COUNT KONRAD VON PREYSING, Catholic Bishop of Berlin, in a recent pastoral letter, asserted that Christian Germans are being robbed of freedom of conscience and liberty of worship. Young men's organizations in four dioceses have been dissolved. Church property is being forcibly secularized. Printing establishments which printed the recent papal encyclical on conditions in Germany have been expropriated without compensation to their owners. Numerous publications have been banned indefinitely. At the same time, "by pictures, caricatures, headlines and propaganda pamphlets, by every means of influencing the public, an attempt is made to work on the minds of the German people which must in the end drive all reverence for the Church and Christianity from the minds of the young." German Christians are fighting to keep in their hands the strongest weapon that can effectively counteract and defeat the Nazi anti-God crusade—a free religious press. We still have such a press in the United States; but when the influence of that press is weakened by the lassitude and indifference of its friends, the day is not far distant when some propaganda minister will dare to decree its utter extinction. There will then remain only the catacombs and the proud privilege of dying for our belief—the belief common to Protestants, Jews and Catholics—that we were made by God, that our principal business on this earth is to serve God, and that we will one day have to render an account of our stewardship before the high throne of God.

The Religious Press

THE ADMINISTRATION is trying to lower prices. This vague purpose ought to be more particularized than it yet has been, before being judged. It would seem that the prices currently being deplored are those of several rather distinct categories of articles. Most citizens dislike most the high prices of the items on the family budget, the ones that cause the "h. c. l." The government, however, for intelligible scientific reasons, appears to be fighting primarily the high prices of those things whose marketing various monopolies and trusts and understanding groups regulate—the least sensitive price goods and services. Specifically the government is apparently determined to fight the outrageous cost of building materials. This all seems reasonable. The price structure is the outline of the market, and ours is a market economy. Dealing with prices, the government is undoubtedly dealing with fundamentals. It appears almost as important to lower some prices now as it was to raise some of them during the last depression. The burden of proof should always fall on those speaking for higher prices.

Prices

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GOVERNOR GEORGE D. AIKEN of Vermont was very ruthless in his open letter to the Republican National Committee about putting the Republican party in the midst of the territorial war that already rages within Democratic ranks. His demand that the "baneful influence" of Southern committeemen should be eliminated sounded more New Deal than even his suggested Republican program. The House of Representatives found out while the wages and hours bill was laboriously taking the floor that two-thirds of the Northern Democrats favored such a reform measure, while two-thirds of the Southern Democrats very much opposed it. This seems the way things now go, and New Englanders are apparently tempted to fetch out again from the cedar chest, or morgue, or wherever it was, the bloody shirt. The sight of the South defending the kind of capitalism which was in large measure forced upon it by the sword and flame of the Civil War from these new, reversed attacks of the North is an ironic picture for historians. But Northerners must avoid using the South either as an excuse or as a diversion. When the only thing that is preventing the establishment of the kingdom of sweetness and light north of the Mason and Dixon line is Southern opposition, then will be time enough to look for a General Grant. Northern politicians should not be allowed to turn the reform sentiment of their states from possible creative activity to foreign adventures in the classical manner of demagogues. The peculiar institutions of the South are not eternal, nor universally admired by all Southerners, any more than the Jersey City, Chicago or Manhattan party machines are cherished by all Northerners. Nor are all new things always attacked in the South by even the current kind of Southern politician. Few of them, for instance, have been discovered openly warring against the New Deal's TVA.

The War between the States

THE PROPOSAL to extend the field of the New York Children's Court to include minors up to eighteen years of age involves questions of principle and technique which are bound to divide those most interested. But both sides must have listened with absorbed attention to the testimony offered by Commissioner Valentine before the joint legislative committee which is considering the change. Concerned not so much with the age limit of the court's jurisdiction as with the type of crime allotted to it, Mr. Valentine expressed what more and more sane observers are coming to feel: that the courts are no cure for juvenile crime. Without preventive measures that cut deeper than the forces of disintegration which prey so appallingly on children, "we can't build jails fast enough." He described one crime committed by a boy of seventeen—attempted robbery ending in a peculiarly savage murder—as typical of the whole frightful moral and social lack behind all such crimes, and "an indictment of our civilization." "What is wrong," he demanded, "with our social work, our system of education and our judiciary, when such things can happen?" Several things are wrong: so many, indeed, that the sole consolation in the entire business is the general awakening to the fact, even among the brashest and most complacent progressarians. This matter will never be redressed without a revival of religion as a group force—as a determinant in the general pattern of living. Meanwhile, there is real hope that intelligent and humane procedure will gradually be evolved, when one of the leading professional policemen of the world takes such a strong lead in qualifying, for the public mind, the usefulness of police and court methods. There must be general grateful agreement with Mr. Valentine that the place for the youthful delinquent is off the criminal docket—at least, as long as we all can combine to keep him off.

Juvenile Crime

THERE is not a fruity scandal in high life, not a brutal murder, not a recherché kidnaping anywhere, that one cannot recognize later in thin veneer in some mystery story. The crime-crafters are probably already on the scent of the latest underworld *bonne bouche:* the theft, no less, of the Tut-ankh-Amen relics from the London docks right under the noses of Scotland Yard. The dispatch relates that "a packing case containing beads, scarabs, an amulet," and so on, including the "figure of a monkey valued at $1,750," was filched away somehow in the process of being transferred from an Egyptian ship to one carrying them to "an undisclosed destination" in New York. Witching words! Any one of them plot material. Scarabs and amulets! Monkeys—perhaps sacred monkeys! Unknown destinations! And always in the background the myterious tomb which killed by regal curse, it was said, the greater number of those concerned with its rifling, from Lord Carnarvon down! What writer worth his royalties but will begin to rattle the keys over this. And then there is the final touch: "Scotland Yard," it runs, "started a search around the docks." They cannot fool us, and we trust they will not fool any plot artificer. Around the docks indeed! We know that they are closing in on the den in Soho (wherever that is), lair of the Egyptian thugs sworn to avenge the desecration of the tomb—if they are not already in Buda-Pesth trailing down the international spy paid (by an Italian dictator who shall be nameless) to precipitate an incident guaranteed to make England assume a fatal high hand in Egypt.

Plot Material

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MOTHER CABRINI

By JOSEPH B. CODE

THE RECENT forward step in the canonization process of Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini focuses the attention of the Catholic world on the extraordinary foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The step is of particular importance to the American Catholic, in that one more advance is made in securing for the United States a representative in the calendar of the Church's canonized. And although Mother Cabrini was born in Italy she belongs in America because of the holiness she brought to it when she arrived in New York, March 31, 1889.

She died in Chicago, December 22, 1917, and was buried at West Park, New York, the following January 2. The Informative Process in the advancement of her cause was begun in 1928 and the Apostolic Process in 1933. Since then remarkable favors have been brought to light as having been wrought through her intercession. On October 26 of this year her case was reviewed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites in the presence of the Holy Father, and on November 21, again in the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, a decree was read declaring that Mother Cabrini possessed heroic virtues. Thus the day may not be distant when the little cemetery at West Park will hold the body of a beatified.

Mother Cabrini was born Maria Francesca, the youngest of thirteen children, July 15, 1850, at Sant' Angelo, a suburb of Lodi, in Lombardy. She was baptized the day of her birth. Indeed so frail did the child appear as she was growing up that few in her native village believed she would live long enough to make her First Communion. But this she did when she was nine, although for three years before she had earnestly begged to be allowed to approach the Sacred Table. Two years previously she had been confirmed. On the day of her confirmation she had experienced something that was to affect her whole after-life: she thought that she was in heaven, enfolded in a mantle of light, an experience she confided to her mother who in turn promised to give her as a remembrance of the event anything she might mention. The child asked to be helped in being good, to be punished when she failed, and to be mortified.

In the Cabrini household the *Annals* of the Propagation of the Faith were read aloud, with the result that China became the land of Maria Francesca's dreams and longings. Her dolls were made missionaries and self-imposed privations went to the storehouse of grace against the day when she would need great help to follow out her vocation. Nearby was the River Venera and from its banks she would launch paper ships upon which she had piled violets—missionaries carrying God's love to the Orient. Two priests influenced the child's early life: her mother's brother, the saintly Padre Luigi Oldini, who taught her many lessons in self-forgetfulness, and an unknown missionary who had spoken of his experiences in the presence of Francesca.

At eleven years of age she made a vow of virginity, renewing it each year until she was nineteen, when she was permitted to make it perpetual. At the age of twenty-three she asked to be admitted into the Convent of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart, but because of her ill-health she was not accepted. She met the same response when she approached the Canossaine Sisters of Crema. Meanwhile, she taught school in Vitardo, and on one occasion distinguished herself by nursing the sick during an epidemic of small-pox. In 1874, Monsignor Antonio Sarrati, who had been her former pastor, persuaded her to come to his new parish in Codogno, to take charge of the House of Providence, an institution for orphan children. For six years she devoted herself to this task, without losing, however, her longing to be a missionary. In fact, she inspired the same desire in the hearts of six girls who were afterward to be her first companions.

Finally, in 1880, Bishop Domenico Gelmini of Lodi said to her: "You are to become a missionary Sister. But as I know of no missionary institute for women, you are to found one." Francesca answered very simply that she would look for a house to begin the work in: and thus was laid the foundation-stone of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

It is not necessary to go into detail regarding the first years of the institute. Like every other Sisterhood it had its joys and its sorrows. Perhaps the most remarkable incident of its early days was the Decree of Commendation of its rules dated March 12, 1888, only eight years after its foundation. Immediately Francesca began to formulate plans for a Chinese mission. The longing of years was about to be satisfied, when Bishop Giovanni Battista Scalabrini of Piacenza begged her to open a house in New York for Italian immigrants. The Bishop had previously organized the Priests of St. Charles, who were already doing apostolic work on the American Mission, and now he felt that they should be assisted by a group of women religious. To Mother Francesca, China still beckoned, China with its vast fields white for

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the harvest; and yet her heart was calling her to respond to the needs of her countrymen in America. Then once again she seemed to be near heaven: she had a series of remarkable dreams, in one of which her beloved mother urged her to respond to the request of Bishop Scalabrini. Rather than decide for herself she appealed to Pope Leo XIII. That Pontiff directed her to go to New York.

On March 19, 1889, she set out from Codogno with six companions. They arrived in New York on March 31, and almost immediately faced trials which would have dismayed the less courageous. Archbishop Michael Augustine Corrigan, who had previously written to Italy for Sisters to conduct a school and an orphanage, was unfavorable to Mother Cabrini's remaining in his archdiocese. But when she pointed out that she had been sent by Pope Leo XIII, he consented to her confining her work to day schools. Thereupon the Sisters set to work, teaching catechism to the Italian children of the city and opening a school in connection with the Church of St. Joachim. Later on the Archbishop permitted them to accept orphans. It was not long until the press knew about these courageous women and spoke of the value of the work they were doing. In fact, it came to be widely known that this little woman could go freely where the police ordinarily would not venture. In four months she and her Sisters were teaching 400 children; in mid-July of the same year she returned to Italy to consolidate the institute which by this time was growing rapidly.

Once as a girl Mother Cabrini had nearly drowned, an experience that gave her a dread of the ocean. And yet she was destined to cross it on thirty occasions. To give anything approaching an adequate account of her travels would requite a good-sized volume. She made foundations in Central and South America, in Italy, England, Spain and France, as well as from one end of this country to the other.

Perhaps it is her activities in the United States that presents her as so particularly extraordinary. Here we have a little woman of miserable bodily health, unknown to and ignorant of the land she had chosen as her particular field of labor, in a few years accomplishing things that are seldom given to one man to accomplish. When she arrived she was poor, unacquainted with the ways of the country, unwelcome to church officials, and never robust. In less than two years she had become a power to reckon with.

Recognizing that the adult Italian in New York had to be reached, she seized upon the five hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America as the auspicious moment to open her Columbus Hospital. In 1905, she founded the Columbus Hospital in Chicago and later the Columbus Extension Hospital in the same city. She began hospitals of the same name in Denver and in Seattle. All these had small beginnings, the assistance she might expect from outsiders was always little and the situation generally discouraging. But her zeal, which often at first appeared to state and municipal authorities as hopeless, translated itself into actions which won for her supporters even from among the most lukewarm onlookers.

Indeed, wherever Mother Cabrini went, she magnetized hearts, for which she was always in quest, to gain them for her Redeemer. By nature timid and retiring, nevertheless she showed rare courage, and even joy, in difficulties. Once in crossing the Andes she nearly lost her life; violent sicknesses made her transatlantic voyages veritable nightmares; several times she was in danger of shipwreck. But in all these dangers she retained a perfect mastery over her emotions, a serenity that manifested itself also in times of great trial or disappointment. When the Nicaraguan government expelled her Sisters because they were supposed to have some connection with the Jesuits then in disfavor in Central America, Mother Cabrini wrote that she had reason to praise the Most Sacred Heart, who thus honored her institute with banishment, "though it is so young, poor, and the least" among the Church's congregations.

To Mother Cabrini it might have seemed the least, but wherever her daughters were established they were the support of the poor, especially of the immigrants. Her heart went out to these poor exiles, especially to those whom she saw toiling along the railroad tracks, outrageously underpaid and disdained by their employers. "Who is a foreigner?" she would ask in utter simplicity of those who would create this special class distinction in the new land of America. Once while visiting a public hospital she came across an Italian who was waiting for someone to read him a letter which he had received from his homeland. It told of his mother's death and the sorrow in the hearts of his loved ones. To Mother Cabrini came more forcibly than ever before the realization of what loneliness and helplessness there are in the lives of those who dwell in strange lands which are often unsympathetic toward their aspirations and sometimes definitely antagonistic.

No wonder then that she labored incessantly to better the conditions of the Italian-Americans. But it was just this activity that had so undermined her health that in 1917 she had to spend some time in Colorado to recuperate. She improved for a while, but in November she fell ill again. She was in Chicago then. On December 21, she helped the Sisters to pack over 500 boxes of candy as Christmas gifts for poor children. The next morning she was unable to rise and shortly after noon she was found dying. Resting her head upon the arm of the superior of the house she

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quietly passed into eternity. Her face bore no traces of the anguish of death, and during the ten days that it lay in state, her body showed no signs of dissolution. An incessant stream of all classes passed by her stilled form, both in Chicago where she lay in state until December 26 and in New York before she was laid to rest in the cemetery at West Park. This had been her wish: to wait the Resurrection near the great city where dwell so many of her beloved Italians.

Once after an interview with Mother Cabrini, Pope Leo XIII declared that she was a saint, and on another occasion that she possessed a great mind and real sanctity. Perhaps these are the two qualities peculiar to this great foundress. In her life one admires the clear, brilliant intellect which could conceive and direct so many and such varied projects, and at the same time reveres the holiness which clothed these projects and made them doubly precious. In fact, Mother Cabrini was able to accomplish so many things because of her sanctity. She labored incessantly because she prayed constantly; she was so sanely practical because she was so deeply spiritual; she was able to walk so serenely on earth because her mind was in eternity.

Once she spoke of "the little space of this world, which to our small and narrow minds seems so big" and again, when being urged to confine her activities to New York, she answered that New York was far too small for her. It is not surprising then to find her expressing her desire for a more extended apostolate by saying, "If the Sacred Heart would give me the means I would construct a boat called 'The House of Christopher,' to travel with one community, little or big, so as to carry the name of Christ to all people, to those who as yet do not know Him, and also to those who have forgotten Him."

And although her House of Christopher never materialized she succeeded in carrying Christ's name to many people. It was a victory, however, over which she rejoiced without self-adulation. "We called it the day of the Lord," she writes, "as it was all His work." These words sum up the total of her existence. She let God use her as an instrument, a tool to be placed here or there, to be employed in this task or that; and being a tool she knew that she could do nothing of herself, but only in the hands of the Divine Workman.

And just as she would never think of claiming credit for her success neither could she dream of fearing failure. Little wonder then that her community numbers nearly 4,000 members in colleges, academies, day schools, orphanages, dispensaries, hospitals, training schools for nurses, nurseries, rest homes and preventoriums. From Shanghai to Rome and from New York to the Argentine they are carrying on her work. And with millions of her devotees they pray for the day when she will be canonized. America especially will glory in the day of Mother Cabrini's glorification.

ANOTHER SORT OF COMMUNIST

By W. M. FROHOCK

HUMANLY speaking, Communism is a religion. By practical, if not theological, definition, a religion is a body of doctrine which people believe in and love enough to be willing to die for it. Any religion of which this is not true is bound to be feeble stuff.

Now Communism is not feeble, and the very measure of its strength is the number of its adherents who are ready and willing to die for it. Herein lies the picture drawn by June Coyne, in THE COMMONWEAL for August 27, of her Communist friends. That these frequently amiable and sincere people of a Leftist turn of mind who move on the fringe of every intellectual community, exist is patent, but their relative importance in the contemporary social and political pattern is less clear. As partizans of the revolution their effectiveness is compromised by their lack of any urge of the religious sort. Is it possible to imagine one of them risking an hour's discomfort, not to speak of his life, to bring his beloved revolution out of the realm of talk into being?

Recently I sought an answer to this question from another sort of Communist, who is neither teacher nor writer but a man of real intelligence, intellectual honesty and strength of character, and a Communist of the religious type. He would make an admirable partizan for whatever cause he espoused. In his hands I put Miss Coyne's article and asked him the question I am asking here. He gave me no answer, but the smiling puzzlement on his face was answer enough. Why, it asked more plainly than words, were we concerned with people like that?

What more could he have said? If the American Communists are nothing more formidable than last year's liberals, people whose move toward the Left has been determined by nothing more profound than their ingrained dislike for restraint, and capable of disturbing nothing more important than their own domestic tranquillity, are we not wasting on them energy which might well serve far more pressing needs? Except in a time of considerable unrest would they merit even

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passing attention? Why should we be worried about Communists devoid of the perseverant self-forgetfulness characteristic of those who move the world, whether they are revolutionists or saints?

There is small profit in underestimating the strength of a powerful adversary. Let us look at a Communist of the more serious kind, recognizing the qualities that are in him and giving credit where credit is due.

He is first of all a man of faith, one who believes unwaveringly in the righteousness (although he would not call it that) of what he is doing. Talk with him of the teachings of Karl Marx, and what he offers you is not a reasoned explanation or definition of his principles, but an affirmation of his own belief in them. However elementary his reasoning processes may be or how feeble his arguments, there is no point in arguing against him. He does not admit an opposing point of view. Rather he states his faith; he tells you not what may happen through the operation of certain social processes, but what he knows is bound to happen and cannot help happening. His intellectual colleagues whom Miss Coyne pictures would come as near understanding him as they would a man who had seen a miracle.

Through his faith he is capable of great self-renunciation. Coming probably from a racial minority group, so poor that he had had to scrape to get together whatever education he has (and which is frequently not enough for him to have read Marx at first hand), what he sees in Communism is the only possible exit he knows from desperate poverty and the deplorable social conditions which attend it. These have left their mark on him so deeply that to alleviate them he would be willing to give up far more than what he possesses at present.

Actually, according to what he believes, he is sacrificing far more, because he is convinced that in the New State, which he is giving the soul he does not believe in to establish, there will be no place for himself. He is valuable during the time of transition, but once the social transformation is finished he knows that he will be the master of a dangerous tool with no opportunity left for the exercise of his talents save in tearing down again the structure he has helped to raise.

If he did not know this anyway, certain recent executions in Russia would have brought it sharply to his attention. If, in the knowledge of this, he persists in his beliefs, it must be because he sets them considerably higher than himself. Compared with the intellectual Red who, after all, has a job he likes and a passably comfortable place in the community, this man has real stature.

Animated with a genuine love of humanity, he aims, in a very material sense, to bring the meek into their inheritance of the earth. To him, this is better than any form of charity—he hates even the word itself! His conviction that he can do something to relieve rankling social injustice gives him a strength which his comfortably inactive sympathizer can hardly imagine. Between the two is all the difference in the social world.

Add to this his decided advantage of high seriousness. The childish frivolity of the singers of the irreverent song which begins "I don't care if it rains or freezes" and which shocked Miss Coyne, is as idiotic to him as it is shocking to her. Both his atheism and his humor are of another and much bitterer sort. Look at the cartoons in the papers he reads. However savagely eloquent they are, they are perfectly humorless. So is he. The revolution is too grave a business to permit much laughter, too sacred to him to permit frivolity.

And finally he has the strength of orthodoxy. The events in Russia which have disillusioned so many of our honestly Communist intelligentsia—and incidentally depopulated the editorial offices of some of the more literate Communist publications—do not touch him, not because he is not honest but because he has paid no attention to the doctrinal variations and deviations behind the events. If a man is killed or exiled for reasons of Russian expediency, he takes it for granted that the man was guilty as accused. Struggles between Lenin-ite, Trotsky-ite, Lovestone-ite and what-all-ite do not enter his ken. Thus his heart is not undermined by any doubt, and he is not divided within and against himself.

Many of the virtues he possesses are those which would produce a good Catholic. Faith, high seriousness, self-renunciation, orthodoxy and love of humanity are the stuff that saints are made of. Indeed, a Catholic is much better placed to estimate the strength of the man who has them than are the intellectuals who loll on the periphery of Communism. Thus, it would be all the more un-intelligent not to recognize these qualities in an adversary or to think that they do not add to his strength. To do so would be an extremely untimely example of playing ostrich. And in the struggle for spiritual dominance of the modern world, whoever wins will not do so by burying his head in the sand.

The Circumstance

We have no bread; you cannot give us bread,
And yet we pray to you with confidence
That you will intercede with One Who can
Give everything and asks no recompense.

Though we might sue for work or happiness,
Our wants to one request we shall confine,
And so we merely say, "We have no bread,"
As simply as you said, "They have no wine."

KATHERYN ULLMEN.

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THE MODERN REPORTER

By ROBERT O. FOOTE

STUDENTS of the American scene—the designation is their own—find that with an altered world there has come an altered press. Whether the world altered the press or the press altered the world, they have not yet concluded.

That the fitting of the press into a new pattern of life is so slow in impressing itself upon such commentators is the only matter for wonder among newspapermen, themselves. They know this change is fundamental, that it has come up from the rank and file, the reporters. Some approve and others deplore this change. Let us have a look at the newspaper reporter of today—the man who actually supplies the news—and noting the changes in him, have the key to the changes in the press he serves.

He is a college graduate and clean cut. He lives in the suburbs and drives a small auto. He has a bank account and calls his banker "Mister." If the American Newspaper Guild is established in his city he expects it to collect pay-and-a-half for any overtime he works. Yet he considers himself a professional man. His fraternity reunions are the big busts of his life; closely rivaled, however, by the annual high-jinx of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. He belongs to a luncheon club, where he is classified as "Journalist." On his nights off he plays mixed bridge; on his afternoons off he plays tennis and golf. His chief ambition, after he fails to become a magazine writer, is to be public relations counsel to some good concern. His wife frequently divorces him; her complaint says "mental cruelty" rather than the actual "lack of glamor."

In short, he is not to be distinguished in personality from a junior executive, a bank clerk, a necktie salesman or any other member of his luncheon club. The salt has gone out of the newspaper reporter and thus out of the American press.

That the reporter has altered with his times is merely evidence that whereas the salty old-timer prided himself on his cynicism, his present-day successor is actually the cynical realist of the two. In a world given up to planning, he is now doing some personal planning for himself. No longer is it sufficient for the reporter that he shall be unique among men; ex-officio member and confidant of every organization and party; above and beyond classes and class consciousness; recognizing no lodge but that of the Free Lancers; accepted on terms of intimacy and equality by industrial magnate, union agitator and United States senator, scornful of petty political and social honors as beneath his dignity.

Rather the reporter of today flees such individuality. His constant endeavor is to fit in with the world and have an axle upon which he may turn as a cog. He is cold-blooded enough to recognize that there is precious little romance left in newspaper work, except for its very top-notchers in the field of correspondence, and to calculate the odds as about ten thousand to one against his ever attaining such eminence. If he seeks newspaper romance he knows he can find it quickest by looking at the film versions thereof.

The newspaper reporter now is better educated than ever before and less articulate. Rewrite men, more freely utilized than in the past, get less into a story than did the reporter who had both to dig up his facts and write them. Standardization of the reporter, which is more than agreeable to the publishers, results in standardization of news stories, which is far from agreeable to publishers.

Responsible heads of newspapers realize this, particularly as they are confronted with the huge growth in numbers and prosperity of frivolous weekly and monthly publications. The reporter with the authentic light touch is much sought after, perhaps more than in the past when he was quite common. Now he is decidedly hard to find. There is little in newspaper work today to encourage breeziness in the neophyte; he soon has any tendencies to irreverence knocked out of him. This is an earnest world. Everything he sees tells him he would best conform to its solemnity.

Transformation of the reporter from the gatherer (ofttimes creator) of news into the mere assembler of news may be traced to the economic history of this country since the World War. Until shortly after the war, the reporter remained more or less his traditional self. Now, there is no denying that the reporter of old was overprone to dramatize himself. He never was sacrosanct with peace officers, as he pretended. He never had the free access to all entertainments and places of amusement that he claimed. While given to periodical binges he was, as a lot, far from the inebriated, devil-may-care genius he liked to fancy as typical of his calling. But just as surely, when compared with the reporter of today, he was a bold, impudent, dashing fellow, with a deep pride of profession; to whom the most important thing in life was getting a good story.

He did not belong to political parties, though he knew more about them than did their campaign managers. The only thing that concerned the old-timer in drives to improve the lot of mankind was the human interest story he could extract from it.

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He sat apart from Radical crusades or Tory conventions—a quasi-judicial onlooker, ready to spring professionally to either side of it as his city editor dictated, to write passionately of it and promptly forget it in something more interesting the next day.

To have been invited to join either a labor union or a luncheon club he would have regarded as an insult. He preferred to sit apart from the world, picking out its more amusing antics to chronicle in that oracle of which he was a part. Surely being a newspaperman was enough distinction for any human being. He did not have to preside at an open forum or be elected president of some civic organization to satisfy his ego. Let the boss go in for that Babbitt stuff. The old-timer rather pitied the boss for the number of public dinners he had to attend. He himself would never be taken alive in such a spot, unless he was on assignment. Now he will actually pay real money to go.

The lush Coolidge era started the dilution of this salty individualist. Like all the world about him, he could not stand the new-found prosperity. He deviated from the proverbial improvidence of his kind and began to acquire possessions. He put down roots and did not casually drift off to New York or San Francisco or Shanghai when his foot itched. The Hoover debacle took such possessions from him but prosperity had created in him an inclination to stability which was lacking in his tribe of the past. The depression put the final crimp in his independent nature. He stayed put —and unnaturally meek—for he saw that a job, any old job, was a priceless possession.

The press-agent completed the transformation of the reporter from a zestful individualist into a writing clerk. There is no scheduled event today and few unexpected ones, on which the reporter actually has to do much snooping around to get enough of a story so that his city editor will be, if not exactly satisfied, at least not openly threatening. Once an enemy, the press-agent is now regarded by spiritless reporters as a real blessing; he saves them labor and often he keeps them from false steps.

Even more devastating is the effect of the publicity chairman upon the life and habits of the genus reporter. He will be a man of substance in his community, appointed to "put over" some campaign. And he will go running to the publisher if he does not get his story into the paper in about the form and substance which seems proper to him, from his vast inexperience. The publisher will not blame the reporter for having tried to bring the story within the flexible rules that are supposed to control newspaper practise and ethics. The publisher can sympathize with that. But he will blame a reporter who did not have enought tact and persuasion and use enough soft-soap to get the publicity chairman and common newspaper performance together on a fairly workable compromise basis. If he has accomplished that and the publicity chairman praises him to the publisher, the reporter may see that once almost-unknown miracle, an unasked raise in pay.

So the newspaper reporter of today endeavors to get in tune with this purposeful, cooperative world. He is a fool if he does not. He may be and is standardized, but he is not sentimental. He is better off materially than the old-timer, and independent picturesqueness means nothing to him. He'd rather be club-mate of a prosperous shoe-dealer, and committee-man with an ardent uplifter, than impecunious crony of a detective lieutenant, or beneficiary of a kindly bartender. Considering the times, he's right.

WHERE IS USAGE BRED?

By ROBERT WITHINGTON

IT IS becoming increasingly evident that good usage in speaking and writing is no longer established by the best writers and speakers among us. The task of the teacher of English is made more and more difficult by the carelessness and ignorance of newspaper writers and radio announcers, whose disregard not only of the amenities of the language, but even of absolute correctness—if there be such a thing—goes unnoted, and leads the coming generation into false paths. Some teachers feel that it is useless to correct errors in diction, as their pupils will meet so much slang and so many colloquial phrases in their daily life outside the schoolroom, that it will do no good to insist upon correctness in class, developing, as it were, a go-to-meeting language which will never be used on ordinary occasions. This is, perhaps, one of the penalties we pay for using a living, growing, language. When the students have to be corrected for repeating phrases and pronunciations which they hear at home, the teacher is in a peculiarly awkward position, for no pupil likes to hear his parents' usage criticized. But does the fact that our language is changing, destroy all standards? Must we accept an increasing carelessness in expression because it is so common?

During the World War, America was drawn into closer contact with Europe than it had ever

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been before, and many new words entered our vocabulary, the acquaintance of which we first made through the daily press. Save for the richer or more progressive papers, this press neglected to provide itself with type which would permit the use of accents, and we saw (as we still see) many an unaccented "e-acute," and many an unumlauted vowel. Thus we spoke of a "charge d'affaires," instead of a "chargé d'affaires," and the proper names of European celebrities underwent startling transformations. "Poincaré" became "Poincaire," as if an extra letter could make up for the missing acute accent. Our newspapers made no distinction between "resume" (an English verb) and "résumé" (a French or English noun), to the obfuscation of some of their readers. Without an accent, "coupé" has become "coop" in the common speech, and "regime" is quite naturalized in its acuteless form, as is "detour." "Communeek" is a common pronunciation for "communiqué."

But not all errors made were in foreign tongues. The adjective "Belgian" was often confused, in speech, with the noun "Belgium," and soon we found the confusion in type. When readers saw "the Belgium note," or "the Belgium attitude" in print, they copied the usage, and the error gained currency. An account of the passage of the first American troops through the streets of London recorded the fact that "crowds lined the sidewalks waiving the American flag." This may, of course, have been a misprint, and if it was an isolated instance of linguistic infelicity would be harmless, for it is only when ignorance or colloquialism prevails that it exerts a malign influence. The reporter who called the convention of a great party a "conclave" did not realize the full meaning of the word, and the annual descriptions of academic processions in full "regalia" show equal carelessness.

The locution "Rev. Jones" may have crept into the newspaper text from the headlines, where brevity is a virtue; but the reporter has not yet given us "Hon. Smith." We have, it is true, "Rep. Smith" for "Representative," but "Reverend Jones" was heard in common speech long before it appeared in print, and there is hardly an analogy between "Rev." and "Rep." used this way, though the latter have recently been called "God's screechers." The compression which headlines call for is undoubtedly responsible for every alcoholic beverage being called "rum," whether it is brewed, fermented, or distilled; and such generalizations, however convenient, deprive language of its nuances. The reporter who was made to call a recently murdered night club habituée "volumptuous" was undoubtedly the victim of a misprint rather than of ignorance, and we may sympathize with him; but one cannot be so sure of the reporter who wrote that "after the funeral service, the body was taken to the creamatory."

The confusion between "infer" and "imply," so common in the classroom, goes back to early times, and is maintained in the press, where it helps to unsettle the public. Even "like he does" and "I cannot help but feel" (really amalgamations of two constructions: "like him" and "as he does"; "I cannot help feeling" and "I can—cannot—but feel") persist in ordinary speech, to the dismay of the purist. Many an illiterate moralist speaks (and writes) of the "straight and narrow path" as if it had no turnings, forgetting that "strait" is not a variant spelling, but another (and here the proper) word. I suspect that Bunyan's ignorance is somewhat responsible for this particular mistake.

Careless errors may creep in even in "high places." The October, 1937, issue of the *Bulletin* of the Association of University Professors (xxiii, 6, page 484) contains a stimulating article by a distinguished economist, who cries out against "the intellectual straight jacket" into which many a teacher is put; and the November number of *Modern Language Notes* (lii, 7, page 517) prints a review of a scholarly volume, in the course of which the critic "cannot help but feel." It may be pedantry to object to such a common phrase, but surely the distinction between the "strait" which means narrow or restricted, and the "straight" which shows the shortest distance between two points, is an important one. Very often—as in the case of "catholic" and "democratic"—a great distinction is indicated by an initial capital letter; a man with catholic tastes may not give allegiance to any church, and a Republican president may support democratic institutions, which a Democrat, keen on immediate results, might ignore.

There are reporters who coin words not really needed, although they help to shorten a phrase. Thus, "a charge of violating the rules of the road was nolled in court today," appeared in a journal recently; and while the dictionaries record a verb, "to nol-pros," without suggesting that it is colloquial, one suspects that this is a gift of the newspaperman to the daily speech of the nation.

Many newspapers affect a kind of "reformed" spelling, which has an influence, more or less deep, upon its readers. Some of these idiosyncracies are not, fortunately, very widespread. "Hight" (for "height") and "embassador" (by analogy with "embassy" it may be presumed) are examples of a limited usage. "Tho" and "thru" are sanctioned more generally, but have not been universally accepted; nor has the spelling "catalog" or "program." There are some, who are—is it old-fashioned?—enough to write "cheque" (distinguishing the word from "check," a verb), and there are the Anglophiles, with "honour." Often a teacher is driven to say, "Both are right."

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More common, perhaps, are the vagaries of capitalization, often in disregard of the accepted rules outside of newspapers and libraries. In such combinations as "Yale College," "University Hall," and "Union Club," or "Beacon Street," the second word is as much a proper noun as the first, yet some journals persistently use a lower-case initial for it. This usage would not be so pernicious as it is, were it not a direct attack on the flavor of the language, which suffers always when a form-sheet admits of no exceptions to its rules. One may expect to see "World war" or even "White house" any day in the illiterate press.

A small group of minor poets and advertising men out for novelty has taken to abolishing the upper-case completely. Sentences begin with a small letter; proper names are treated like common nouns, and everything is reduced to the dead level of monotony. It is no wonder that many such writers are suspected of radical tendencies politically, when they openly attack all capitalization. They even disregard the rules of punctuation, which are designed to bring out subtleties of meaning (an editor once deleted all the dashes in Lamb's essays, to conform to his idea of how the essayist should have punctuated his papers: this may have been an improvement, but it was certainly a distortion). If everybody did away with punctuation, the task of the teacher would be enormously simplified. There are those who say that we should not bother about teaching "good English" to students who will never hear it when they leave school behind them; and when spelling and punctuation are no longer regarded as indications of literacy, the proofreader may go on relief with an easy conscience—driven into unemployment, not by new inventions, but by the abolition of such standards as give value to his labors.

The written word is not the only source of dismay to those who still feel that certain standards should be maintained. We hear over the radio much careless pronunciation which is likely to establish itself. The English are concerned with careful speech, not only on the part of those broadcasting, but also on that of the general public, who find free advice on the matter of pronunciation at their disposal. We, however, have not this concern; we hear "goverment," "histry," "ekkanomics," and even "presidunt" commonly; we accept "kilómeter" currently. There are radio announcers, proud to "sign their names," as it were, to their talks ("your announcer" they label themselves), who speak of the "diplomatic corpse," and tell us that the Senate has adjourned "sign dye" (the different pronunciations of the combination of letters "die" in English, German, and Latin are interesting by the way); who say "incogníto" and "campaneel"; who rime "pro tempor" with "Il Trovator." Were their offenses all in foreign tongues, they might be forgiven; but they murder their native language. "Route" is often pronounced to rime with "out," as if an army had been put to flight—we do have a verb "to rout," which does not mean "to indicate a road"—but such a pronunciation is hardly analagous to the anglicized "deetour" or "garridge" (to rime with "carriage"). The seventeenth-century "heighth" is heard, and more rarely seen, while other survivals—"laylock," "cheer" (for "chair"), and "obleeged," for example—are confined to the rural districts. Just when it will be considered improper to use the proper pronunciation is a question; surely we cannot look either to our politicians or our radio announcers for the standards of "good usage."

The question may arise: why have standards? If enough newspapermen and radio announcers "murder" the language, a new language will arise, and we shall accept the new as we discarded the old. We do not talk Elizabethan English now; our speech has evolved from that of a past age, as the speech of the future will develop from ours. Why seek to hinder the changes that we see taking place before us?

To this, it may be answered that while it is impossible (and perhaps not desirable) to prevent change (which is not always growth), it may be advisable to control it; we do not wish to put the language into the straitjacket of an Academy or a Board, but we do not wish it to run wild. We go to the dictionary for instruction—but do not the dictionaries rather record usage than dictate what should be used? Are these depositaries of language the equivalent of Academies? If we ought to pronounce or spell a word a certain way, is it not because that word is so pronounced or so spelt?

Some may regard the spelling and pronunciation of the comic strips as far from elegant, but is this language not often vivid, picturesque, and far from incomprehensible? There is nothing "wrong" in slang—which might be considered the "sports-clothes" of speech—but we should not use slang on a dignified occasion, and we should not, if we were addressing a large public, wish to use phrases which might be understood by only a small proportion of our audience. If our pronunciation is not so bizarre as to render us unintelligible, it may be allowed; indeed, frequently, the dictionaries record two spellings or pronunciations, permitting (as far as they can permit) either. If there is no absolute right and wrong, there is the guide of the best writers and speakers. Then arises the question: who shall determine these "best"?

Were the question merely one of numbers, it could be easily answered. We should not choose as authorities the richest in a community (though most of us understand the accent which money

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employs when it talks); we might not take the most scholarly, for fear that they might be unnecessarily pedantic; we should probably not choose the most imaginative, though they might often have the richest gifts to make to our daily speech. We should find it hard to go against the weight of mere numbers—and yet, can we find no equality in a democracy, except by lowering all citizens to the level of the lowest? Do we hide the advantages which nature has given us, or which we have acquired by our own efforts, in our desire to bring about the equality we preach? Or do we dream that eventually the lowest can be raised to the level of the highest among us?

Even if we were to allow the newspapers and radio announcers to establish our standards, it might be hard to differentiate among these authorities. Who would then determine which were the "best"? Would it be the magazine which could boast the possession of accents in its font, the form-sheet of which demanded the use of certain capital letters? (Is the writer to be given no freedom of style?) Could we rule as illiterate the librarian who refuses to capitalize any letter save the first in a title? (When, and under whose auspices, did the practise of writing "bible" with a small letter arise?) Have we any Court of Last Resort—a Supreme Court of Letters—whose rulings are generally accepted? What authority have teachers for correcting the practise of their pupils? Must we be bound by the rules of the rhetoric books, which are often behind the times (as we say)? And what makes these books old-fashioned?

It may well be that neither newspaper writer nor radio announcer sets himself up as an authority, and that both would welcome corrections. The usage of one paper differs from that of another, as the form-sheets of publishers differ, and very often the newspaperman has no choice in matters of detail, and an announcer sometimes has to take the dictum of his superior regarding his style. Most of us would, I think, agree that matter is more important than manner, and that manner is of importance chiefly as a means, not an end; but does that admission indicate that manner is not to be thought of at all? If we were individualists, we might be content to leave the subject in the hands of the writer and speaker, trusting that his idiosyncracies would not lead to incoherence. After all, the Elizabethan did not have a standardized spelling, and perhaps not a standardized pronunciation; may we not stress the "correct" expression too much? Must everything be regimented—style, manner of thinking, political views, religious beliefs, what you will? And, if we could define "public," is public opinion a safe guide (not to say "god") to follow? These are timely questions. The answers will not be published in the next number—nor in the next but one.

MY LITTLE STREET

By DONALD J. RANNEY

THE SUN is shining in my little street now—lighting up dark doorways that were never meant to be bright and warming cool corners that should have remained forever shaded. Perhaps it is better that way, but I know I'll never like it half so much as I did when the rugged tower of the old fortress-castle brooded over it and conspired with the tall houses that flanked it to keep it eternally dark and mysterious—and charming.

I found my little street—we Americans would call it an alley—one midday in sweltering mid-August, some six years ago. I stumbled into it, weak from the heat, wet with perspiration, and weary with sightseeing. After the dazzling inferno of the Plaza Zocodover, which I had been "doing" that morning, it was an air-cooled *paradiso*. Its narrow sidewalks were deserted; its cobbles cold and silent as tombstones. Doors were closed, steel shutters drawn up over shop windows and clamped as if in fear of a raiding band of brigands.

Where the shadow of the roof-framed tower of the Alcazar was particularly deep, I squatted like a beggar on the curb. With my long legs stretched far into the street and my back chilling against the moldering walls of a meat shop, I know how Ignatius of Loyola felt as he sat in the deep recesses of the portal of Barcelona's Santa Maria del Mar asking alms. Had Pericles, reincarnated in all his splendor, passed down my little street at that moment, Diogenes listening in (from heaven, I hope) would have learned something new in philosophical contempt for earthly glory.

Toledo has a reputation for its uncommon silence; its streets are too narow for the squawking taxis and roaring motors that desecrate the peace of other cities. There in the noonday gloom of this dark alley, not even the muffled purr of Madrid tourist cars, speeding across the *vega* toward the Puenta de Alcantara, disturbed the silence. The fern-carpeted forests of Fontainebleau were never more restfully quiet. Only once before, when the great leather curtains on the door of the cathedral of Milan had closed behind me for the first time and the breath-taking wonder of the place had engulfed me, had I experienced such complete and luxurious spiritual and physical relaxation as I felt on my pauper's throne that day.

The Italians say that only dogs and Americans are abroad during siesta time on a summer day. Perhaps. Well, then only a dog or an American could ever have discovered the celestial qualities of a little street that, discovered at a more sensible hour, might always remain for the discoverer a rather prosaic alley. Thank God I discovered it when even *los perros* were taking siesta.

I went back to my little street often after that first visit; sometimes at the "dog and American" time, more often in its waking hours, when it was a bedlam of life and living. At noon it was always the same, as cool and refreshing and silent as a mountain peak in Switzerland. The tiny stream of water, not too clean or fragrant, running down its gutters was always as soothing to my soul

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as the clear, gurgling waters in the garden paths of the Alhambra. But even when it was noisiest, when sounds of energetic domestic life and the vociferous bickerings of Latin bargaining poured through open doors and shop windows to vie with the shouting and laughter of the children and loafers in the street, it was still cool and dark and fascinating.

I think I learned to love it almost as much for its noise as I did for its stillness. On the principle of "love me, love my friends," it practically demanded that I love everyone and everything in it: the merchants, who considered any not-too-honest commercial victory over *el Americano* the practise of a new sort of cardinal virtue; the dark-eyed women, who looked through grilled windows with modest curiosity upon my American tailored Palm Beach; the young cadets from the towered-fortress military school above us, who self-consciously dropped the soldier's swagger they had assumed for the edification of the lovely señoritas of the guarded windows, when the American smiled at them; even the dogs who had been so kind as to take their siesta with other good Toledoans; but especially the children, who—but this sentence is too long already, one needs several paragraphs for the children.

The children of my little street were— Well, one afternoon as I was walking up from where the street turns off to find its twisted way down to the Tagus, I was met by a military parade. At least, that is what I thought it was. All the children of the neighborhood, wooden swords and guns in hand, the boys with newspaper soldier hats on their shaved heads, were marching down the street from the tower of the Alcazar. Their weapons were held high above their heads. They were singing. I stepped back on the sidewalk to let them pass. "Santa Maria . . ." the shrill young voices echoed against the walls. What strange words for a war song! The procession had almost passed before the significance of it all dawned on me. Guarded by four young stalwarts, the last in line, came a little girl about five or six years old pulling a toy wagon. Standing erect in the center of the wagon, surrounded with wild flowers, and decked in best Spanish fashion in doll's clothes, was a small plastic statue of Our Lady.

I followed the Virgin's entourage till it disbanded. Doll clothes were returned to chattering owners; a soiled little ragamuffin claimed his wagon; helped by her guard of honor, the drawer of the wagon got Our Lady under one small brown arm and started toward the doorway in front of which I stood.

Down on one knee so I could better see her pretty face, I asked, "Como usted se llama, señorita?"

Politeness checked an impulsive smile at my miserable Spanish. "Teresa, if you please, señor."

"Won't your mother be angry with you for taking her statue?"

Lips pursed; black, delicate eyebrows arched; she rose a little on her toes. All our beauties in Hollywood would have given half of their beauty for that perfect expression of mild surprise. "But no, señor! When we do *her* honor?" Then, with a lightning change to uncertainty (perfection of expression again), "Which mother do you mean? This one?" She drew the statue up till I could see its face. (I'll swear "this one" was smiling.) "Or that?" the free arm gestured gracefully toward the doorway.

"Forgive me, señorita, for my pagan thoughts. Of course! In her honor!"

I have since wondered if those who were looking on at that moment thought that Americans in Palm Beach clothes made a practise of wandering about in little streets kissing little girls who carry big statues of the Virgin. I would have kissed the most excellent mayor of Toledo in the presence of the Lord Cardinal and all the people for the joy of knowing that neither the government, which had taken most of Spain's children from the loving care of the church, nor the thoughtless rich, who had helped to take most of the comforts of life from the children, had never been able to take Christ's Mother and the love of her from the hearts of the children of my little street.

Some days after my conversation with Teresa I met Juan. Juan was of another type. I don't mean that he wasn't religious. He had been in the procession; in fact, if my memory isn't deceiving me, it was he who claimed the wagon at the breaking up of the procession.

Juan was the Fred Astaire of my little street. I made that discovery late one night. People who sleep many hours in the day don't sleep well at night. So it was no surprise to me that an hour or more after midnight I found my little street bustling with life. The tower and the houses kept vigil now against the light of the full moon, but there was more light in the street than even the brightest day ever saw. Through door and window it came, crossing and recrossing in crazy patterns on stones and walls and people. Up under the walls of the fortress I was stopped by the sound of music, pleasant and familiar, yet so out of place in those medieval surroundings that it was quite fantastic. A gramophone was blaring out a jazz piece that had been popular some years ago in the States.

Drawn by curiosity and a strange nostalgia I crossed the street to the music store from which the strains of "Little White Lies" were coming. Hardly on the sidewalk, I stopped. Silhouetted in the light of the doorway was Juan. His shoulders were swaying with the grace of a Madrid ballerina while his bare feet tapped out the Spanish equivalent of the American Charleston on the flagging of the entrance. The music stopped; I applauded; he turned and grinned sheepishly up at me. The grin broadened. I patted his shiny head, slipped a few centimos into his hand and walked away. My Spanish wasn't up to the situation.

A few seconds later as I neared the end of the street a little figure hurried past me. In a beam of light thrown from a window (perfect stage effect) it stopped and swung into an even more vigorous rendition of the same comic dance. Not until the performance was over did the head turn. Juan's impish face, literally glowing with a glorious grin, was irresistible; but there were no centimos this time—I would have had spasmodic entertainment all the way to my hotel, a mile or so away. It was clear to me now why Juan of all the children in my little street owned a red wagon. He was more than a dancer.

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The sun is shining in my little street now, lighting and warming it as it was never meant to be. I know the sunlight is there because I saw (in a newsreel) soldiers with guns crawling over the débris in my little street, the hot sun pouring down on their anxious faces. There is no conspiring now between the tower of the Alcazar and the houses to keep my little street cool and shaded, for the tower is gone, and the tall houses are scarred and wasted by a sudden and terrible disease called war. I saw (in that same newsreel) the tower rise up in a cloud of smoke, like a wounded thing, and fall, clutching, upon the roofs of the tall houses. Perhaps now there is silence in my little street at siesta time, but it isn't the silence of a great cathedral. Perhaps water still trickles in the gutters, but it will never cool anyone's soul again because it has been warmed with hot Spanish blood.

There have been children in my little street this last summer—children with real guns, singing blasphemies instead of hymns. There has been noise there too in the more sensible hours of the day, when the self-conscious cadets played soldier in earnest for the edification of the dark-eyed señoritas of the barred windows. But it was noise that no one could love.

When I read of the siege of Toledo's Alcazar, I often wondered where Teresa and her two mothers were while they were ruining my little street. And where was Juan! God bless him! Did he dance in the dungeons of the fortress during those long weeks to make its defenders forget that they were hungry—forget that death danced endlessly about those crumbling towers? Or was he—God forbid—one of the soldiers I saw in the newsreel (they were only boys) crawling, gun in hand, under a red flag, over the débris in my little street?

I GO TO MASS IN TASCO

By EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT

THE DAWN'S pink fingers were still visible across the sky when the bells began to ring. As I walked down the hill from the hotel to the town, the sun was touching delicately the red tiles of the roofs. With interrogatory grunts the pig brigades were starting out on their accustomed tours; cats were washing their faces in the doorways and the dogs were sniffing about for news. The milkman had two great cans slung on either side of a very small burro and at the tinkle of his bell, the women ran out with little pottery jugs. Milk is evidently not very popular in Tasco.

In the plaza, they were clearing away the remains of the fiesta. The whole town had been celebrating the Feast of the Transfiguration. I had never visited Tasco in pre-revolutionary days but on the surface there seemed to be no reminder that Mexico was no longer officially a Catholic country. All afternoon the cathedral was crowded to the doors. A sermon was in progress when we arrived, a very long sermon. The Indians were sitting on their heels on the floor but I tried a bench and sat on a nail. As soon as my plight was discovered, there was a great deal of sympathy and, as no other seat was available, an Indian behind me produced a large stone from some mysterious part of his person and with good solid knocks put the nail in its place quite regardless of the preacher. Many hymns followed and then a litany and during that the babies got moving. One couldn't blame them. Practically every one of the younger women had at least one baby and when they crawled out from the folds of their mothers' rebozos, they met in a little cluster and settled down together with the extraordinary poise of small Mexicans, exchanging such treasures as a dead fly with placid courtesy. Against the glittering gilt of the extraordinary chirrugesque chancel was a tableau of the Transfiguration. Our Lord, with Moses and Elias, were floating on gay blue clouds while below them were ranged life-sized figures of the three Apostles.

After benediction everyone went out to the plaza for fireworks—and such fireworks! A high pole had been set up on which were tiers of two-foot figures who, one after another, crackled into action. Their ways were amazing. A serpent suddenly wriggled along a string over the heads of the crowd while a whale swam off in the other direction. A man beat an angry wife; clowns fought with short swords and a caballero attacked a devil with his spear. At the end, the pole was lowered and greased and the sombreros at the top were for anyone who could reach them. A diminutive Indian started up but as quickly slid down. Then a methodical lad came forward with two loops of stout fiber cord. He made one secure around the pole well up from the ground, put his toe in it and then placed another above him. Calmly he proceeded to mount when an American artist had an inspiration and ambitiously seizing the pole sailor fashion he shinnied up with great velocity until he ran amuck of the boy. The crowds, who were as much surprised as the American by his own prowess, yelled encouragement but each time the boy shook the pole as he changed his foothold, the artist slipped, until at length he shot down panting to the cobblestones and—the boy reached up for the hat.

At that both bands had burst out at once. One, which seemed ecclesiastical, was on the cathedral steps and the other was lined up in the plaza. They were both made up of Indians ranging from twelve years to sixty. Both of them played the variations on only one tune but as each bandsman played his own variations and as neither the bands nor the bandsmen ever started at quite the same moment, the results were highly modernistic.

It was very quiet now in the plaza except for the bells but when I tried the cathedral doors, much to my amazement, I found them closed. Then I realized that the bells that were calling me were not in the belfry overhead and, following the directions of the milkman, I turned into a paved alley to the right and saw a small white chapel beside a fountain at the foot of the hill. The little street, with its smooth round stones outlined in green, was at a steep angle and I pattered down it with the pigs, thankful for low-heeled shoes. The pigs stayed discreetly by the fountain although the church doors were all invitingly wide open and a white dog was chasing his fleas in the middle of the aisle. Through the main doors was an

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enchanting picture of the very bright green mountains against the clear sky.

Not profiting by experience I took my place on a bench squarely on another nail and then began to understand why everyone else chose the floor. There were old women of course in their black; shepherds in bright serapes; some little girls with tiny blue rebozos; a few pretty mestizo women with black lace scarves and perilously high heels—for the cobbles—and just in front of me a very bright-eyed baby peering back over his mother's rebozo. The walls were almost all covered with votive oil sketches of the miracles vouchsafed by the Madonna who presided over the high altar. As I looked at her, a black cat appeared from under the folds of her brocaded skirt and walked leisurely across the altar, among the candlesticks, and vanished over the side. No one seemed at all disturbed by his rather unusual promenade.

At length the door to the sacristy opened and there emerged a figure who looked like a brigand on his Sunday off. His face, surmounted by a shock of uncombed hair, was ornamented with thick black stubble; his dirty white shirt was insecurely belted within grimy white trousers; but he placed the Missal that he bore with much dignity upon the side altar, lit the candles and brought out a massive censer which was already burning. No sooner had Mass begun than he began to swing this with complete absorption, so an old man in a blanket hobbled forward and took up the duties of acolyte. Thereupon the sacristan, released from further responsibility, began to make a tour of the church still swinging his censer. The next time I looked up he had gone outside to incense the fountain and then he started up the hill. How much of the town he covered, I can never know, but just before the consecration he reappeared and clanged a great bell for the elevation.

It was just after that that two birds flew in and circled about Our Lady's head. Then they perched on the reredos and sang a duet. It was the Communion hymn.

At the close of Mass both the bright-eyed baby and the white dog were sound asleep. The birds had flown away. I confess there are distractions in attending Mass at Tasco but perhaps at some even the angels smile.

Southern Winter

There is a beauty in this winter-world
A beauty spring and summer cannot know
Nor flaming fall with banners bright unfurled
Nor yet the northern winter chaste with snow.
Here is soft greyness. Trees against the sky
Are bare with lace-like, delicate design,
Amber, mauve tinted are the lights that lie
On the low hills and fields that now resign
Themselves to rest. The upward surging strife
Of sap is done and quiet reigns instead
Of lust of all young growing things for life
Or clutching after youth when youth has fled.
Now from all striving there has been release
And here is beauty born of rest and peace.

CELIA MICHAEL.

Communications

NEW YORK ACCOMMODATIONS FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In reference to the communication of Mildred Hagan concerning accommodations for Catholic women in New York published in the November 26 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, I am happy to be able to bring to the attention of your readers the Catholic Room Registry of New York City. For the information of young women visitors to our city as well as residents of New York who may not know of this service, the following summary will be helpful.

The Catholic Room Registry was organized during the World War by the late Teresa R. O'Donohue under the auspices of the League of Catholic Women. Its purpose was to enable soldiers and sailors in the metropolitan area to find suitable rooms for visiting relatives. The great influx of young women to New York after the war and the pressing need of obtaining proper living accommodations for them pointed to the importance of making the Room Registry a permanent service. Accordingly, the Catholic Room Registry was organized as an agency of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York under the supervision of the Division of Social Action.

The Registry is at the service of young women of all denominations, visitors to or residents of New York, who find themselves in need of temporary or permanent accommodations in the city.

The Registry has on file residences and girls' clubs under the management of religious orders and the laity, offering attractive living accommodations at very reasonable rates. The Registry also can offer several hundred investigated rooms in apartments throughout the city, the living standards of which are the highest. As part of the service of the Registry, every effort is made to fit the individual applicant into a suitable environment. There is of course no charge for this service.

The Catholic Room Registry is located at the headquarters of the League of Catholic Women at 415 Lexington Avenue, at the corner of 43rd Street. It is open every week day from nine until six o'clock; on Saturdays from nine until one o'clock. Anyone interested in the service of the Registry may write to the above address or telephone, Murray Hill 2-0581, for further information. The Registry is at the service of any young woman seeking a room in the city.

YVONNE G. SAYERS,
Catholic Room Registry.

SAINTS OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH

Garrison, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The librarian of St. John's College gave me a copy of the November 12 COMMONWEAL and suggested that I send you a communication on Father Thorning's "What I Saw in Russia."

To me the most important subject touched upon here is "the traditional Orthodox Church notion that incor-

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ruptibility of the body is the sole and sovereign test of personal sanctity." Anyone who is even slightly acquainted with this matter knows very well that the statement is not true. According to the Orthodox, only the body of the Mother of God remained incorruptible after her death until she ascended to heaven. Saints' bodies may be partly incorruptible. That is a special gift of God; not a test of sanctity. A virtuous life and miracles are the two tests. The "remains" are venerated, of course. The tenet is the traditional teaching of the early Church, i. e., Catholic.

It is shocking that so many statements are made concerning the Orthodox that are not true, by men whose duty it is to know. I am quoting Butler to show that the Orthodox sainthood is agreeable with Catholic tenets.

Charles Butler in his Life of the Reverend Alban Butler, written in 1800, touching on the principal works that were consulted by the hagiographer, mentions the Menaeon and Menologies of the Greek Church (i. e., the Orthodox Church).

To quote him: "The Greek Church has also shown great attention to preserve the memory of the holy martyrs and saints. This appears from her Menaeon and Menologia. . . . Bollandus mentions that Raderus, a Tyrolese Jesuit, had translated the whole of the Menaeon, and pronounced it to be free from schism or heresy. . . . From the Menaeon and the Menologium Raderus published a collection of pious and entertaining narratives, under the title of 'Viridarum Sanctorum' . . . similar to those in the well-known 'Histoires Choisies.' One of the most curious articles inserted in the 'Acta Sanctorum' of the Bollandists is the 'Muscovite or Russian Calendar,' with the engravings of the saints. It was first published by Father Possevin [Jesuit]. He praises the Russians for the great attention to decency which they observe in their pictures and engravings of holy subjects. . . . A 'Greek Calendar of the Saints' in hexameter verse accompanies the Russian Calendar in the 'Acta Sanctorum'; both are illustrated with notes by Father Papebroke."

The latest saint canonized by the Russian Orthodox Church, during the reign of the last of the Romanoffs, was Seraphim, a monk of Sarov. He was widely renowned for his ascetic life, humble charity and spiritual wisdom; miracles were ascribed to his intercession even in his lifetime. His relics consisted of mere bones.

REV. P. CHUBAROFF.

CONGRESS CONVENES

Floral Park, L. I.

TO the Editor: The social and political philosophies so readily embraced and advanced by such minority groups as the members of the Jewish and the Irish races is absolutely bewildering. Both races, with a background of centuries of persecution, come into the sunshine of freedom in thought, religion and opportunity available to every man in this country and then immediately turn to the Old World for their political and economic inspiration.

I have just read the editorial "Congress Convenes" appearing in your issue of November 26 and the unquestioning acceptance of the administration's program, coupled as it (the acceptance) is with the endorsement of the European concept of capitalism, most clearly indicates that you are trying to publish an American lay magazine edited with a mind leaning toward foreign philosophies. Capitalism as it operates in this country is not "a state of society in which a minority controls production . . . leaving the proletariat dispossessed." A mere review of the leaders of modern business and their personal backgrounds is sufficient to refute this. Practically every one of our ranking business executives has risen by sheer ability and initiative to the positions of leadership they occupy. The vast enterprises they direct represent the accumulated savings of millions of frugal Americans who, not having the means or ability to be individual enterprisers, participate in these undertakings through investment of their reserve funds. This is true of no other country in the world.

Further, in this one editorial you condemn in one breath, what you assume to be, minority control of capital and then in the next breath give admiring approval of the principle of reorganizing the government along the lines of modern business under a plan that will place absolute control of every function of government in the hands of one man. No one but God could administer such a trust and no man but an autocrat or a dictator would attempt it. If you question the administration of capital and business by men who have reached their positions of trust by their own competence, just what race of super-men (Mr. Roosevelt's observation to the federal government when he was governor of New York) would you recruit to administer the totalitarian state that would result from this reorganization of the government?

As I said above, it is bewildering to see the members of such minority groups as the Jews and the Irish—who have everything to lose and nothing to gain—vigorously supporting such measures as the Supreme Court Reform and this reorganization of the government. It does little credit to the native ability with which these two races are popularly credited.

H. L. BOWERS.

THE IRISH MELODIST

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor: Anything about the Irish minstrel, Tom Moore, interests me, so I read the article in THE COMMONWEAL of November 26, by Padraic Colum. I must say I was tremendously impressed by one of its features. In the first column of the essay I found the name of Howard Mumford Jones repeated three times. In the second column, it was most gloriously printed five times, in the third four times, in the fourth twice, and in the last column I found it worked into one sentence twice.

If Mr. Jones is not flattered by all that pomp and ceremony, what does he require?

D. REARDON.

The title page and index of Volume XXVI of THE COMMONWEAL *are now ready. They will be sent upon request.*

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—Addressing the Delaware State Conference of Social Work, Monsignor Michael J. Ready, general secretary of the N.C.W.C., declared, "Society's responsibility for human welfare is based on justice as well as charity." * * * Lecture halls at the Catholic University at war-torn, destitute Shanghai have been filled with hospital beds. The Bishop of Shanghai has pledged $100,000 and the Bishop of Hanyang all his available funds; other mission needs have of necessity been set aside. Inmates of the Gate of Heaven Leper Asylum of Kongmoon deprived themselves of a week's supply of rice in response to the appeal of a Maryknoll Father. * * * Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch of Milwaukee has addressed a letter to his priests forbidding "games at church and institutional benefits at which prizes are given in money . . . or its equivalent." * * * More than 500 couples assembled at St. Mary's Church, Akron, Ohio, to renew their marriage vows and receive the blessing of Auxiliary Bishop James A. McFadden of Cleveland. * * * No one in the confines of the Sacred Heart Parish of Pittsburgh, Pa., has gone hungry within the last fifteen years. The Social Service Department under the guidance of the Sisters of Charity supplies food, clothing, medical attention and legal service and operates an active employment bureau. * * * Swiss Catholics are among those opposing a national ban on Freemasonry on the ground that Leo XIII taught that such societies should be opposed not by physical violence but by intellectual truth. * * * Since it was reorganized in 1934 the St. Paul Guild of 117 East 57th Street, New York, has increased its membership from 500 to 7,000. At the moment it is assisting fourteen convert ministers and their families and supporting five converts studying for the priesthood. * * * "The ice preserves you," was the welcome of the Holy Father to eighty-year-old Bishop Crimont, S. J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska.

The Nation.—The "Congress of American Industry," conducted by the National Association of Manufacturers, opened December 8 with 2,000 of the country's largest employers present. Keynoter was Mr. Lammot du Pont, and he said that private business would take responsibility for providing 3,000,000 unemployed with jobs and would welcome "the bulk of responsibility for future social betterment," provided the "fog of uncertainty" is removed. He spoke for rigid planning in industry and for governmental laissez-faire. Only one of the opening speakers, the president of the National Industrial Conference Board, expressed thorough pessimism over the fate of the current business order. He told the group: "It is extremely unlikely that prosperity can be restored soon enough to prevent the destruction of the economic and political system of which you are a part." * * * WPA projects up to last July involved an outlay by nation and states of $4,292,685,586. The program has included 103,980 construction projects, about 52,000 for new construction. These projects cost $3,265,361,272. Public schools were the principal beneficiary from the building program, $200,000,000 being spent on new schools, and more than $275,000,000 for repair and improvement of old ones. * * * On his return to Washington, President Roosevelt displayed a continued interest in the possibilities of the big spending program by private utilities which he discussed just before his vacation with the head of the Commonwealth and Southern and the head of the Consolidated Edison and Niagara Hudson. * * * The War Department report for the past fiscal year contains an industrial mobilization and procurement plan which the department wants put into a law to apply instantly in case of war.

The Wide World.—Sumner Welles, Under-Secretary of State, asserted in a public address that the traditional friendship between the peoples of Brazil and the United States had not been impaired by misrepresentations that have been placed on the recent coup d'état of the incumbent President Getulio Vargas. * * * The long-deferred reopening of the United States Consulate at Bilbao is held up because it was alleged that Consul W. E. Chapman will not have any direct contact with Antonio San Groniz, chief of General Franco's diplomatic Cabinet. The State Department at Washington, it was said, forbade either official communication or personal negotiations with the Nationalist authorities. Mr. Chapman charged that obstacles were put in his way whenever he wanted to travel in Nationalist territory. * * * French War Minister Daladier obtained passage in the Chamber of Deputies of a record 1938 military appropriation of 12,934,000,000 francs without a dissenting vote. He announced that new fortification works are going on both along the Jura and northern frontiers, praised the nationalization of the arms factories, and drew attention to the fact that the pay of non-commissioned officers had been increased and that the general standard of living in the army had been raised. * * * The League of Nations Financial Committee proposed that the Economic Committee join it in establishing a mixed experts' committee to study measures for dealing with the depression.

* * * *

Congress.—It appeared quite impossible to congressional leaders that the President's program for the special session would be more than started when the session ends. The regional planning and executive reorganization suggestions were far in the background. It seemed possible that the President's housing bills would be given precedence over them and perhaps get through. The House subcommittee on taxation was meeting regularly, but tax legislation was certain to be put off. The House Appropriations Committee was not pleased with the Budget Bureau's plan for reducing expenditures by $800,000,000. Members found too much purely bookkeeping reduction,

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and considered real reductions were centered improperly on relief, the CCC and federal roads, affecting administrative expenses too little. The Wages and Hours bill was sent by the House back to committee. The chief change made was in assigning its administration to the Labor Department rather than to a five-man board. The A. F. of L. wants a law giving a flat 40-hour maximum work week, with a $.40 minimum hourly wage. Both Houses spent their most serious efforts discussing the Farm bill. Against strong but not concentrated opposition the administration bill made some progress. The Senate threw out Republican leader McNary's ideas, limiting the operation of the bill to three years. The members were confused by Senator Borah, supported by Pope and McAdoo, with his insistence that production should not be discouraged and that whatever money is to be spent should be spent buying farm products for distribution to the needy. The House struck out a compulsory marketing control clause for wheat, 85-76; and the next day rallied to Secretary Wallace and upheld a similar control for cotton, 80-51.

Conversations.—French Foreign Minister Delbos concluded conversations in Poland and will seek to invigorate the French alliances with Rumania, Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. The principal issues now confronting European statesmen are Germany's demand for colonies and whether France and Britain would interfere with German aspirations in Eastern Europe in return for promises of peace in the west. In Warsaw, M. Delbos was reassured by the knowledge that Poland would not become a wholly Fascist totalitarian state under a real dictatorship and gave assurances in turn that, in any large agreement regarding colonies and a redistribution of raw materials and supplies, Poland would not be forgotten. Meanwhile, Premier Milan Stoyadinovitch of Jugoslavia visited Rome, returning the visit Italian Foreign Minister Ciano made to Belgrade last month. While Jugoslavia will not recognize General Franco's régime in Spain and will not disrupt cordial treaty relations with France, it was agreed that the clearing system will be abolished as soon as possible and that surpluses accruing to Jugoslavia from an excess of Italian purchases from Jugoslavia over Jugoslav purchases from Italy should be used by Belgrade to purchase from Italy part of the goods, mostly arms and munitions, she has formerly purchased from France. Stoyadinovitch was received at the Vatican and conversed with Pope Pius for thirty minutes. He also discussed with Cardinal Pacelli the likelihood of the ratification of the Jugoslav-Vatican concordat by the Jugoslav Senate.

Fall of Nanking.—When the main body of Japanese troops, numbering 75,000, reached a point within ten miles of the Chinese capital, spokesmen for the defenders predicted capitulation within a week. The gates to the city were heavily sandbagged and Chinese machine-gunners within the walls continued to practise for the coming assault. The bombing of Nanking, December 7, by ninety Japanese planes, unopposed in the air, was said to be the largest mass bombing in world history. The following day with the Japanese at the gates of his capital, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, accompanied by his wife, took off for the deep interior, with six Japanese planes in pursuit for 175 miles. Chiang's resignation is held imminent. Another symbol of defeat is that the tomb of Sun Yat-sen on the purple mountain is in Japanese hands. Fires were raging in various sectors of Nanking and the Chinese were said to be destroying huge stores of war materials to prevent their capture. The organization of a new "autonomous" North China is already under way with inspired agitation for Manchukuo-like independence much in evidence. Lack of news from the northern front for the past several weeks is believed to be due to Japanese reverses or inactivity. Despite expectations the capital of Shantung has not yet fallen and there is some indication that the Japanese still hope to make a deal with Governor Han. A guerilla army of 100,000 Chinese Communists and others is organizing in the North along what is believed to be the only feasible lines of resistance; some of these forces are forty miles from Peiping.

Taxation.—In two five-to-four decisions, the Supreme Court ruled that West Virginia and Washington State were constitutionally entitled to levy upon the gross income of contractors on government dams in the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers and at Grand Coulee. Chief Justice Hughes found that West Virginia still held control over lands leased by the government and over the river beds and held that the state tax, in so far as it was laid upon the gross receipts of the Dravo Contracting Company derived from its activities within the borders of the state, "does not interfere in any substantial way with the performance of federal functions and is a valid exaction." Justice Roberts, in the minority opinion, cited the famous case of McCulloch vs. Maryland and asserted that "the decision runs counter to the settled rule that a state may not, by taxation, burden or impede the United States in the exercise of its delegated powers. The judgment seems to me to overrule a century of precedents and to leave the application of the rule uncertain and unpredictable." Commenting on the decision, which applied substantially to similar facts in Washington State, Chairman Vinson of the Ways and Means Subcommittee on Taxation declared that there was a difference between income derived from the government by contractors, by government workers and as interest on government securities. The Court also granted a review in one of the cases affecting the government's right to tax the salary of a state agent.

Mexico.—On the eve of his return from San Antonio, Archbishop Leopoldo Ruíz y Flores of Morelia, former Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, expressed his gratitude for the hospitality and assistance of his friends in the United States during the past five years. President Lazaro Cárdenas observed the completion of the first half of his six-year term by working at his office. He declared that he wanted the present session of the Mexican Congress to pass all the legislation he proposed rather than to adjourn in the customary manner, granting him the power to legislate in the interim. In the past three years Mexican

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schools are reported to have increased from 7,000 to 13,000, farm lands have been distributed to 600,000 families on 6,000 communal farms, and 2 short-line railroads have been built. Ten of the 27 dam and irrigation projects planned have been completed together with a large portion of the Cárdenas program of 4,000 miles of new highways. A new government department is being organized to take over Mexico's 8,562 miles of railways until the workers can operate the system themselves. Those who fear that the Cárdenas program is leading to some form of Fascist totalitarianism point to increasing State control of agriculture, industry and distribution, the deliberately fostered growth of a new middle class, continued one-man rule and growing anti-Semitism.

Industrial Illness.—A meeting of the Personnel Research Federation recently held in conjunction with the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the Society for the Advancement of Management, showed that industrial illness is of greater importance than are accidents. The health director of the A. T. and T. said: "If we are going to get at the problem of reducing sickness we have got to approach it as we do accidents. Industrial sickness—that is, the cost—is seven times the problem of industrial accidents. We have been looking on the industrially sick as a medical department problem. But the medical department is only an assisting and advisory service. It is management's job to cut down sickness." In twenty-one states rules now bring it about that workers receive compensation from the employer when they get occupational diseases, as they do when they suffer an accident. The industrial managers in these states are forced to study the problem and to try to prove that certain of these diseases are not due to specific occupations. This tends to keep occupations from resulting in disease. At the meeting it was pointed out that the shorter work week has aggravated mental hygiene problems, giving workers more time to brood about their jobs and "develop fears and anxieties." It was suggested that management develop leisure-time activities for employees. Mr. Ordway Tead called business down for lagging far behind contemporary scientific progress in applied psychology. In order to build up morale he claimed that "the competitive idea which has run wild under industrial individualism must be restrained. . . . Business must provide security, shared responsibility, opportunity for obtaining approval, opportunity for advancement and arrangements for groups negotiations." Several experts attacked trick employee compensation methods, such as commissions and quota bonuses. Profit-sharing was proposed as an incentive.

A Japanese Confessor.—The monthly bulletin, printed in Latin, of the Catholic Press Bureau at Tokyo tells of a growing movement to promote the veneration of Takayama Ukon, who died in the Philippines in 1615. Takayama was among the most distinguished of the Christian Daimyos or landed nobles of his time, because of his loyalty, valor, leadership and organizing ability. His various duties under the regent, Hidejoshi, caused him painful difficulties of conscience which even his most skilful confessor often found insoluble. Hidejoshi finally banished him for his faith, but Takayama returned to defend the ungrateful regent when threatened by a revolt of the other lords. However, banishment again followed the restoration of order. In 1597, this Japanese patriot sought in vain to go to Kyoto to suffer martyrdom with the other Christians. When in 1614, Jeyasus, the successor of Hidejoshi, proclaimed the Edict of Persecution, Takayama led a party of believers to Manila, where he was received by the Governor and the Archbishop with all the honors of royalty. He died in poverty three months later at the age of sixty-three. Some of his accomplishments were described by his friend, Father Peter Morejon, in a volume published in Mexico a few months later. "He and his father built more than a hundred churches and chapels. They put up a great number of crucifixes and removed idols. Their zeal to win men to the Faith, from the nobility as well as from the people, grew steadily. This man, with such great intelligence, skill, and bravery in battle, had a childlike piety and an extraordinary reverence for the priesthood. . . . His life was straightforward and pure; never was he known to be guilty of an offense against chastity. So great was his fame in this respect that even Hidejoshi had to recognize this glory. . . ."

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—Delegates from eleven New England colleges at the Interfaith Conference, Brown University, Providence, R. I., unanimously adopted a resolution pledging their support to combat any form of anti-religious and anti-democratic propaganda which has developed and which may develop on the college campus. They petitioned the National Conference of Jews and Christians to take the lead in forming at other colleges interfaith councils such as the one at Brown. Colonel Samuel A. Moffat, field director of the N.C.J.C., said that Leftist and Rightists groups are being formed in American colleges whose totalitarian aims are a menace to the rights of minorities. Delegates were in attendance from the following: Amherst, Yale, Mount Holyoke, Smith, Wellesley, Rhode Island State, Massachusetts State, Connecticut College for Women, Rhode Island College of Education, Brown and Pembroke. * * * Conclusion of the voting of American conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on the question of union of that denomination with the Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Protestant bodies, and the Louisiana conference of the Southern group meeting at Shreveport, gave 225 votes in favor of union to ten against, bringing the total vote of the annual conference divisions to 7,577 in favor to 1,247 against. The next step in union plans will be the action of the Southern general conference to convene April 28, 1938, at Birmingham, Ala. A majority of two-thirds is the requirement for ratification.

To the "Bitter End"?—Wendell L. Willkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation system, said in an interview on December 2 that litigation between private utilities and the federal government should be speedily concluded. Now that the issues were

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defined clearly, he pointed out, an excellent opportunity was presented to effect a settlement of the problem. The principal problem from the standpoint of the public welfare, Mr. Willkie remarked, is the embarking by the private utilities on a construction program which the utilities need and which the federal government desires, and which, in his judgment, is indispensable to bring about a pick-up in the current business recession. "The required inflow of new capital into the utility industry can only be brought about if the entire problem is solved," he said. The Commonwealth and Southern executive called for a clarification of the "death sentence" provisions of the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935 and for clear definition of the methods of operations of the Tennessee Valley Authority. At this point Mr. Willkie indicated that he believed the litigation between the TVA and the private power companies in the Southeast could be brought to a "sane and just solution" without recourse to the courts. From reliable sources in Washington information has been obtained that a tentative agreement on two major issues has been reached, but two points still remain an issue: (1) Mr. Willkie's proposal that the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935 be modified; (2) Mr. Willkie's suggestion that policies of the Tennessee Valley Authority be modified.

Anti-Trust.—The Federal Trade Commission and the Attorney General's office both broadened the campaign against monopolies. The Attorney General, with $472,000 already on hand to support a study of how "to end monopoly, not to hurt but to free legitimate business of the nation," asked for a further $1,000,000. The Anti-Trust Acts, the Sherman Act of 1890 and the Clayton Act of 1914, seemed due for a revision during the next year. The trial of the oil companies on charges of price fixing, begun October 4 before a court in Madison, Wis., continued with no sign of approaching end. On December 1, anti-trust suits were instituted against Western Union Telegraph and Postal Telegraph and Cable. The main point of attack was the system of exclusive contracts which the telegraph companies arrange with railway companies and others. On the same day, the government went to work again against the members of the Cement Institute, charging collusion and price fixing and discrimination. This was considered very important because of its effect on housing and public contracts. On December 3, the FTC issued a statement saying that the National Retail Druggists Association is "already under investigation" for price-maintenance activities. It was also announced that in January hearings will be commenced to test the legality of the Ford and General Motors and probably the Chrysler and independent automobile companies in connection with advertising and financing the sales of their cars. The FTC believes the automobile concerns misrepresent the prices of their products, and that their finance companies misrepresent instalment interest charges.

British Army.—For nearly twenty years advancements to higher posts in the British army were governed by the policy of waiting until the tenure of a particularly high office had expired, or its occupant had reached the age limit, and then filling such vacancies with men only a shade less senior. Out of patience with army "red tape" and ironclad traditions, dynamic Leslie Hore Belisha, Secretary of State for War, decreed drastic changes in the Army Council, supreme British military directorate. Resignations were accepted from the elderly military members of the council. Younger men were immediately appointed on a merit basis without regard to seniority. Fifty generals were passed over in favor of Major General Viscount Gort who, at fifty-one, will become chief of the Imperial General Staff. The problem presented by the shortage of 1,000 officers and 12,000 privates will probably be met by advancing the rate of pay, thus attracting suitable enlistments not only from the universities but from all walks of life. The drastic reorganization, hastened by a serious lag in the army's share of rearmament, is expected to continue for several months.

Labor.—The direct conversations of President Green and Chairman Lewis apparently brought labor peace no nearer. Mr. Green advocated a piecemeal reattachment of the C.I.O. unions to the A. F. of L., while Mr. Lewis insisted on a reconciliation of all at once or none at all. The next session of the A. F. of L.-C.I.O. negotiating committee of thirteen will be held December 21. * * * Governor Charles H. Martin of Oregon on December 7, after the lumber industry there had been tied up for 118 days, ordered employee elections to end the C.I.O.-A. F. of L. stalemate, reciprocal boycotts, picketing, etc. The Governor hates the NLRB and the general run of New Deal labor laws. The NLRB tried to hold an election some time ago, but the A. F. of L. refused to agree to abide by its decision. * * * The International Ladies Garment Workers Union published its budget for the year 1936. It showed membership up 3,000 to 250,000, and recorded disbursements of $5,320,586, with a balance of $942,499 in receipts over expenditures. * * * Labor's Non-Partizan League promoted the formation in New Jersey of a new unit of the American Labor party. Although the League is considered largely C.I.O., and the chief state officers of the A. F. of L. were unfriendly to the move, many A. F. of L. unions joined in the total of 164 whose delegates were present at the institution of the party. * * * The C.I.O. sent a letter to its affiliates to meet the new recession in employment by establishing unemployment committees and by helping the jobless get unemployment insurance, WPA employment, home relief, etc. The committees would also keep statistics valuable in dealing with unemployment. * * * Mayor D. A. Knaggs of Monroe, Mich., who broke the steel picket line last summer, was reelected to office with 3,479 votes. His two opponents received 709 and 406. * * * The NLRB hearings of the Wierton Steel case in Steubenville, Ohio, were pepped up during their seventeenth week by the cry of freedom of the press. The board subpoenaed Harley W. Barclay and his source material after he had published editorial attacks on the hearings in his magazine, *Mill and Factory*. He refused to answer the subpoenas and became famous with New Deal opponents.

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The Play and Screen

Barchester Towers

HAD THOMAS JOB been more imbued with the spirit of Anthony Trollope and less desirous of writing something merely effective for the theatre, he might have turned out a better piece of work than he has produced in his dramatization of "Barchester Towers." Trollope's most famous novel, like all of Trollope, provides a problem to the dramatist; it is diffuse, filled with masterly touches of characterization impossible to reproduce in the theatre, and generally relies for its effect on understatement. The real story of "Barchester Towers" is the story of Eleanor Bold, Mr. Arabin, the Archdeacon, Mr. Slope, Mr. Harding and Mrs. Proudie; Mr. Job makes it the story of Madeline Neroni, a rather subsidiary character in the novel. To do this he has had to invent scenes and distort character, at times to burlesque it, and in the process all that is peculiarly Trollope vanishes.

It is a pity that Mr. Job did not follow the example of Helen Jerome in "Pride and Prejudice" and Brian Doherty in "Father Malachy's Miracle," by sticking to the spirit of the original novel and doing his best to project it. The story of the novel might still have evaded the stage, but at least we would have the flavor and the atmosphere. What Mr. Job gives us is an amorphous thing: part Trollope, part Job, and except at moments slow-moving and often dull.

Mr. McClintic has cast the play on the whole carefully, and with the exception of Damian O'Flynn, who is patently miscast as Mr. Arabin, the players do everything possible to put over their parts. Ina Claire is Madeleine Neroni, and though her vitality is somewhat stultified by her confinement to a wheel-chair, she gives a performance of much variety and charm. If she is not as brilliant as she often has been it is solely because of the character itself. J. M. Kerrigan gives a most amusing impersonation of the Archbishop, and Florence Edney as Mrs. Proudie and Frederick Graham as the Bishop are an amusingly contrasted pair. John Williams is not the slimy Slope of Trollope, but he is the character conceived by Mr. Job. Mackenzie Ward gives a really superb impersonation of the flighty Ethelbert Stanhope, a performance compounded of sly malice, utter disregard of convention, and a heart which is at bottom good. In some respects his is the best performance of the play, perhaps because the part is written best. Other players who do well are Effie Shannon as Miss Thorne, Ruth Matteson as Eleanor Bold, and Oswald Yorke as Dr. Stanhope. Mr. Mielziner's settings are as usual excellent. (At the *Martin Beck Theatre.*)

Hurray for What!

ED WYNN is once more back upon the stage, and so we can cry heartily, "Hurray for That!" There is only one Ed Wynn, the perfect fool, and none the less lovable for that. And he is back with his ridiculous clothes, his giggle, his absurd gestures. Ed Wynn is a true farceur, for he does not, like Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson, depend on mere vitality to put over his comedy. He lives it and makes us live it. He may be mad, but there is a reality in his madness, the reality of the truly preposterous, a reality beyond sense and reason. In "Hurray for What!" Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, the librettists, have made him an eccentric inventor, who has discovered a poison-gas and is being pursued all over Europe by international spies, despite the fact that he is really interested only in perfectly harmless inventions. Though Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse have written funnier dialogue, their idea is a happy one, and one which Mr. Wynn makes the most of. Helped by the music of Harold Arlen and the lyrics of E. Y. Harburg, the show is a laughable one. Paul Haakon's dancing, Vivian Vance's singing, Leo Chalzel's acting as a "heavy," and above all Al Gordon's trained dogs fill in worthily when Mr. Wynn is not on the stage. But first and foremost there is Ed Wynn back again, and may be stay back for a long time to come. (At the Winter Garden.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Tovarich

"TOVARICH" has triumphed as a stage play in twenty-five countries since its first production in Paris four years ago. The high quality of acting, adaptation, staging and direction preserves, even embellishes, the full comedy quality of the original, so that it is virtually certain the new "Tovarich" will make as much of a mark on the screen as it did in the theatre.

The combined talent element is highly important in "Tovarich," coming from the French play by Robert Sherwood, directed by a Russian, Anatole Litvak, to the accompaniment of a specially written musical score by Max Steiner. Claudette Colbert plays the rôle of Tatiana, Charles Boyer's part is that of Mikail. The two characters are those of Russian aristocrats who were forced after the Revolution to accept employment as butler and maid with a wealthy French family. A brilliant supporting cast appears with them, the most mentionable among the twenty-six principals being Basil Rathbone, Anita Louise, Melville Cooper, Isabel Jeans, Montague Love and Morris Carnovsky.

The production itself is a combination of many entertainment elements, revolving principally around smart and sophisticated comedy, satirical, perhaps, but always highly amusing, and following post-war life in the continental manner. It is the manner of telling the story rather than the actual plot content that matters. Miss Colbert and Mr. Boyer are an exiled grand duchess and a prince in Paris. Although having access to some forty billions of francs entrusted to them by the late Czar, they refuse on a point of honor to touch any of it, and live by what Miss Colbert steals. Poverty-stricken, they are forced to find employment as domestics, where, eventually, the royal identities are discovered. Noticeable frequently are sly digs in the dialogue at the present political-economic set-up in Europe, but these nationalistic touches are brief and in excellent taste.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Books

Philosophy of Society

Three Theories of Society, by Paul Hanly Furfey. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Ends and Means, by Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

IT IS curious that these books should be published in the same week. Both are non-technical sociological treatises; both give evidence of acuity of observation and depth of thought in their authors; both agree on a number of minor points, chiefly in evaluation of the culture dominant in the contemporary world. However, Dr. Furfey and Mr. Huxley begin with vastly different postulates, follow divergent methods, and reach conclusions which are far from identical.

Dr. Furfey distinguishes three types of society: positivistic, noetic and pistic. "A society," he says, "is a group cooperating for some common purpose. This common purpose gives the society its specific character."

A positivistic society is based on a philosophy which is concerned exclusively with the obvious, the commonplace, leaving "out of account all difficult but vital truths." The achievement of material success is the purpose of its members. The society in which we live is positivistic. Dr. Furfey submits it to searching examination. Its "success-ideal" he proves sterile, its "success-class" spiritually shabby. Positivistic society is, he finds, a failure, because it ignores "truths too basic to be obvious," because its standard is unexciting mediocrity, because it prizes physical comfort above beauty, and gold above the souls of men.

A noetic society, if there were one, would be based on deep intellectual knowledge of things in their essences. Through contemplation its members would acquire the cultural and moral insight necessary for human fulness. The realization by every man of his destiny as a human being would be the purpose of its members. Though on a higher plane than positivistic society and more characteristically human, noetic society would necessarily be a failure because of mankind's "basic inability for self-regeneration." "Every purely human effort to fight one's way up from the animal level is accompanied by a tragic consciousness of partial failure."

A pistic society is based on the "deep and penetrating knowledge of reality" which is a "supernatural manner of knowing." Its purpose is to enable its members to know "God, not as God is known by the natural intellect, but as He is known supernaturally by faith," to love Him in divine charity, and to love one another with supernatural love, thus achieving their supernatural destiny. Though beset with the distractions of the positivistic world in which it must function, a pistic society can, through divine grace dispensed in the Mass, "the supreme social action," succeed and make possible the accomplishment of "the Catholic social ideal for human society here below—to reproduce heaven on earth."

Dr. Furfey's treatise is admirably thorough. Its philosophical and theological bases are economically and soundly

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constructed. Its excursions into criticism are marked by scrupulous objectiveness. Some of its recommendations will be dismissed as fantastic; they are all radical in the proper sense of the word, Christian, and eminently practical. The style is, on the whole, clear and direct. "Three Theories of Society" is, to this reviewer, the finest thing of its kind to date.

Mr. Huxley's book is interesting as an indication of a new stage in the evolution of its author's convictions rather than as an enduring contribution to social thought. This "inquiry into the nature of ideals and into the methods employed for their realization" is provocative but extremely disorderly. One does not discover the author's first principles until he reaches the book's last pages. Abstract terms are not defined until the penultimate stages of the discussion. The term "charity," for example, is constantly employed; it is only toward the end of the book that its equation with humanitarianism is definitely established. Gross error mars almost every consideration of Catholic belief and practise. The comments on Catholic ritual, for example, are so irrelevant to fact as to be silly. Again, a recurring error is the assertion that Catholic mystics have found God, when mystically apprehended, to be impersonal. The fact is that they have succeeded in transcending an anthropomorphic conception of God based on knowledge of human personality and achieved a pure intuition of the Godhead shared by the three Divine Persons. Standard theological and philosophical writings are too often misinterpreted. For example, Saint Augustine (lumped here with Calvin and in another place with Luther!) is said to have maintained that the human will is essentially evil. Again, the traditional arguments for the existence of God are incorrectly stated.

One could go on almost indefinitely listing whole groups of errors. However, one cannot overlook the work's many virtues, perhaps the chief of which is its piercing piecemeal critique of the society which Dr. Furfey would call "positivistic." In places Mr. Huxley's strictures coincide with those of Dr. Furfey. His book, though better written, is of far less value than that of the keen and courageous professor at the Catholic University. But, as an earnest of a resourceful thinker's interest in and possible lasting contributions to sociological thought, it is welcome.

Each book has an index; that in Dr. Furfey's book is quite complete, whereas Mr. Huxley's is unsatisfactory.

JOHN S. KENNEDY.

The Great Corsican

The Riddle of Napoleon, by Raoul Brice; translated by Basil Creighton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

A GOODLY portion of the 40,000 books said to have been written on Napoleon, deal either partially or as a whole with explanations of the Corsican's extraordinarily baffling character. General Brice's is largely concerned with the thesis that the key to Napoleon's nature lies in the fact that he was first and foremost a Corsican. Like all theories this one at times becomes a Procrustian bed on which the author puts his hero and stretches him until he fits the theory. And yet there is much to say for Brice's explanation. Napoleon's family feeling, his sense of his star, and his superstition are Corsican traits, and the author makes out at least a plausible case for his lack of vindictiveness as also Corsican in the reverse—that is, that Napoleon in his revulsion against the island which has cast him out, deliberately set out to prove he could conquer the prime quality of his countrymen. This may be somewhat Freudian in a larger sense, but it is interesting.

General Brice writes well and his character studies of Napoleon's brothers, sisters, and his two wives are well composed, though he scarcely does justice to Lucien. Perhaps being a soldier the author dislikes all courage not of the battle-field. His belief too that Napoleon died of abscess of the liver, and not of cancer of the stomach, he gives abundant reason for. The book was awarded the Prix Berger by the French Academy and Mr. Creighton's translation is excellent. It is distinctly one of the more interesting modern books on Napoleon.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Honest Reporting

Correspondent in Spain, by H. Edward Knoblaugh. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

Spanish Rehearsal, by Arnold Lunn. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

BOTH of these volumes, of prime importance on the present tragedy in Spain, were written by eye-witnesses to the events they narrate. Their travels took place at the same time, Mr. Knoblaugh behind the Loyalist lines and Mr. Lunn reporting on the Nationalists. Hence they are in a way companion volumes and present a fairly complete picture. The former was a correspondent for the Associated Press who was compelled to leave Spain because he insisted on reporting what he saw rather than what the Loyalist propagandists demanded that he report. His record is about as objective as any writing on this subject could be. The difficulty of that accomplishment is readily understood when we consider the vast hoax put over on the American reading public by the rank and file of reporters of activities of the Valencia government to the effect that such a government represented even a strain of real democracy.

Thanks to a small group like the author of "Correspondent in Spain" who have lived up to the best traditions of American newsmen, most Americans, who want to know, realize that the Franco revolution—whatever one may think of the desires of its leaders—was aimed, and still is aimed, at a band of plundering Anarchists, Communists and plain thugs who did not even take the time, for instance, to manufacture evidence against the 14,000 priests whom they tortured often, and always murdered. The amazing thing, a sad commentary upon the state of Christian decency, is that so-called Christian leaders here and in England should have blessed this slaughter without even inquiring as to whether the executioner pretended to offer evidence against his victims.

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Both of these writers, viewing the conflict from very different points of vantage, come to essentially the same conclusion. It may well be set down in the words of Niceto Alcala Zamora, former President, and now Spain's Number One political exile, who was interviewed by Mr. Knoblaugh in the exile's shabby walk-up quarters in Paris: "I have always been opposed to revolution against legally established authority. But the present government has no legal standing—it has not even attempted to maintain a semblance of legality since April 7, 1936, when it unceremoniously ejected me from office so that there would be no obstacles to its plans. I feel sorry for Spain—sorrier than for myself. This war will mean decades of suffering and poverty for the great masses who have been duped into supporting the interests of a selfish few. My only hope is that it may end quickly so that what little remains of the Spain I love may be saved."

CHARLES A. HART.

Genius

Madame Curie: A Biography, by Eve Curie; translated by Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

THIS is a marvelous book that every woman, and every man interested in humanity, ought to read. It is the story of a little Polish girl forced to earn her living as a governess in country houses on the steppes of Poland, who was anxious to study science. In spite of handicaps of many kinds she succeeded in her ambition, and by the end of her life at sixty she had been more decorated for scientific achievements than any woman of her time and had received the Nobel Prize twice, once for physics and once for chemistry, the only woman or man ever thus honored.

Her work was carried on under the egis of the University of Paris where it would be expected that the conditions surrounding her research would be pleasant and favorable. As a matter of fact, she and her husband had to work in a shed that any laborer would surely have objected to. Some of Pasteur's most important discoveries were made in a cellar of the Sorbonne. Indeed a distinguished French scientist declared that Pasteur's work in that cellar was more important than all that had been accomplished in the palatial Institut Pasteur in the nearly fifty years since his death. It is the man that counts, not the laboratory. In Mme. Curie's case it was the woman, and she was a great-souled woman, the most distinguished scientist, probably, of her generation.

In the midst of her scientific work she married and had two children and proved a successful wife and mother. She carried the full weight of the work of her household, of motherhood, and of teaching all at once. Her life, published in a dozen or more languages, is written by her daughter, Eve, who received her training as a writer in connection with journalism. Mme. Curie's story is told with a wealth of detail that makes it monumental. Life was never a bed of roses but it was full of accomplishment and satisfaction, and she not only saw life but saw it whole.

JAMES J. WALSH.

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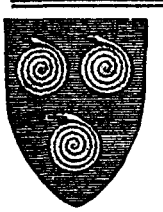

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Briefer Mention

The Man Who Was Chesterton; edited by Raymond T. Bond. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00. This omnibus volume contains the best of G. K.'s work appearing between 1902 and 1937. Eighty essays, five Father Brown stories, twenty poems, and reflections on the romance of orthodoxy, American travel and Distributism will delight every true Chestertonian.

The Life of Jesus, in Early Christian Symbols. Twenty-eight woodcuts by Rudolph Koch. New York: Devin-Adair Company. $1.00. This beautiful little book is recommended for those whose familiarity with the wondrous story of our Redemption and whose mastery of the technique of meditation would enable them to utilize the brief excerpts from the new Westminster Bible and the accompanying early Christian symbols merely as an introduction to reflections of their own.

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Rev. John S. Kennedy is associate editor of the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, Conn.

Rev. Charles A. Hart is professor of philosophy in the Catholic University.

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